

# The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850. "Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's." THE TRUE SOUTHERN, Established June, 1866. New Series—Vol. I. No. 5. Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881. SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1881.

**The Watchman and Southron.**  
Published every Tuesday,  
by the  
Watchman and Southron Publishing  
Company,  
SUMTER, S. C.  
TERMS:  
Two Dollars per annum—in advance.  
ADVERTISEMENTS.  
One Square, first insertion.....\$1.00  
Every subsequent insertion.....50  
Contracts for three months, or longer will  
be made at reduced rates.  
All communications which subscribe private  
interests will be charged for as advertisements.  
Obituaries and tributes of respect will be  
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Marriage notices and notices of deaths pub-  
lished free.  
For job work or contracts for advertising  
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the office, to N. G. OSTEN,  
Business Manager.

**WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND  
AUGUSTA R. R.**

On and after May 15th, 1881, the following  
schedules will be run on this Road:  
NIGHT EXPRESS AND MAIL TRAINS (Daily)  
(No. 47 West and 48 East.)

Leave Wilmington	10:45 p.m.
Arrive Florence	8:00 a.m.
Leave Florence	7:30 a.m.
Arrive Sumter	6:00 a.m.
Arrive at Columbia	4:00 a.m.

Leave Columbia.....10:00 p.m.  
Leave Sumter.....12:08 a.m.  
Arrive at Florence.....1:40 a.m.  
Leave Florence.....3:00 a.m.  
Arrive at Sumter.....4:30 a.m.  
Arrive at Wilmington.....6:20 a.m.

This train stops only at Brickley's, White-  
ville, Flemington, Fair Bluff, Marion, Florence,  
Timmonsville, Mayesville, Sumter, Camden  
Junction and Eastover.

THROUGH FREIGHT TRAIN.  
Daily, except Sundays.

Leave Florence	12:25 a.m.
Arrive at Columbia	6:25 a.m.

Leave Columbia.....6:00 p.m.  
Leave Sumter.....11:10 p.m.  
Arrive at Florence.....11:10 p.m.

LOCAL FREIGHT (Daily except Sunday.)

Leave Florence	3:50 p.m.
Arrive at Sumter—Lis over	7:30 a.m.
Leave Sumter	7:30 a.m.
Arrive at Columbia	11:00 a.m.

Leave Columbia.....8:15 p.m.  
Leave Sumter.....8:00 a.m.  
Leave Sumter.....12:00 p.m.  
Arrive at Florence.....12:00 p.m.

JOHN F. DIVINE, General Supt.

**South Carolina Railroad.**  
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

On and after May 15th, 1881,  
Passenger Trains on Camden Branch will  
be run as follows:—

EAST TO COLUMBIA—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Leave Camden	6:15 a.m.
Arrive Camden Junction	7:30 a.m.
Arrive at Columbia	10:35 a.m.

WEST FROM COLUMBIA—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Leave Columbia	6:30 a.m.
Arrive Camden Junction	7:45 a.m.
Arrive at Camden	8:45 p.m.

EAST TO CHARLESTON AND AUGUSTA.  
(Daily except Sundays.)

Leave Camden	6:30 a.m.
Arrive Charleston	1:55 p.m.
Arrive at Augusta	7:25 a.m.

WEST FROM CHARLESTON AND AUGUSTA.  
(Daily except Sundays.)

Leave Charleston	6:00 a.m.
Arrive Camden	7:40 a.m.
Arrive at Columbia	8:45 p.m.

Columbia and Greenville Railroad both ways  
for all points on that Road and on the Spar-  
tanburg and Abbeville Railroads, also with the Char-  
lotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad to and  
from all points North by trains leaving Camden  
at 1:15 a.m. and arriving at 8:45 p.m.

Connections made at Augusta to all points  
West and South; also at Charleston with  
Steamers for New York and Florida on Wed-  
nesday and Saturday.

On Saturdays ROUND TRIP TICKETS are  
sold to and from all Stations at one first class  
fare for the round trip—tickets being good till  
Monday noon, to return. Excursion tickets  
good for 10 days are regularly on sale to and  
from all stations at 6 cents per mile for round  
trip.

THROUGH TICKETS to all points, can be  
purchased by applying to James Jones, Agent  
at Camden.  
D. C. ALLEN,  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.  
JOHN B. PECK, General Supt.  
Charleston, S. C.

**Columbia and Greenville Rail Road.**  
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 19, 1881.  
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, AUGUST 22,  
1881, Passenger Trains will run as  
herewith indicated, upon this road and its  
branches—Daily except Sundays:

No. 42 Up Passenger.

Leave Columbia (A)	11:20 a.m.
Leave Alston	12:26 p.m.
Leave Newberry	1:21 p.m.
Leave Hodges	3:52 p.m.
Leave Belton	4:12 p.m.
Arrive at Greenville	6:27 p.m.

No. 43 Down Passenger.

Leave Greenville at	10:33 a.m.
Leave Belton	11:57 a.m.
Leave Hodges	1:12 p.m.
Leave Newberry	3:47 p.m.
Leave Alston	4:46 p.m.
Arrive at Columbia (F)	5:50 p.m.

SPARTANBURG, UNION & COLUMBIA R. R.

No. 42 Up Passenger.

Leave Alton	12:40 p.m.
Leave Spartanburg, S. U. & C. Depot (B)	4:03 p.m.
Arrive Spartanburg & D. Depot (E)	4:12 p.m.

No. 43 Down Passenger.

Leave Spartanburg & D. Depot (A)	12:42 p.m.
Leave Spartanburg S. U. & C. Depot (G)	1:05 p.m.
Leave Union	2:36 p.m.
Arrive at Alton	4:57 p.m.

LAWRENCE RAIL ROAD.

Leave Newberry	3:55 p.m.
Arrive at Laurens C. H.	6:45 p.m.
Leave Laurens C. H.	8:30 a.m.
Arrive at Newberry	11:30 a.m.

ABBEVILLE BRANCH.

Leave Hodges	3:56 p.m.
Leave Abbeville	4:46 p.m.
Leave Abbeville	12:15 p.m.
Arrive at Hodges	1:05 p.m.

ELDE RIDGE R. & ANDERSON BRANCH.

Leave Belton	3:08 p.m.
Leave Anderson	5:40 p.m.
Leave Pendleton	6:20 p.m.
Leave Seneca (A)	7:20 p.m.
Arrive at Abbeville	9:25 a.m.
Leave Seneca (B)	9:25 a.m.
Leave Seneca (D)	9:54 a.m.
Leave Pendleton	10:59 a.m.
Leave Anderson	11:59 a.m.
Arrive at Belton	11:48 a.m.

Grand after above date through cars will  
be run between Columbia and Hendersonville with-  
out change.

CONNECTIONS.

A—With South Carolina Rail Road from  
Charleston; with Wilmington, Columbia & Augus-  
ta R. R. from Wilmington; with Columbia & Augus-  
ta R. R. from Columbia; with Charlotte & Augusta  
Rail Road from Charlotte and points north  
thereof.

B—With Abbeville & Spartanburg Rail Road  
for all points South and West.

C—With A. & C. Div. R. & D. R. for all  
points South and West.

D—With A. & C. Div. R. & D. R. from At-  
lanta and beyond.

E—With A. & C. Div. R. & D. R. for all  
points South and West.

F—With South Carolina Rail Road for Char-  
leston; with Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta  
Rail Road for Wilmington; with the North; with  
Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Rail Road for  
Charlotte and the North.

G—With Abbeville & Spartanburg Rail Road  
from Hendersonville.

H—With A. & C. Div. R. & D. R. from  
Atlanta & beyond.

Standard time used in Washington, D. C.,  
which is fifteen minutes faster than Columbia.  
J. W. FRY, Supt.  
A. POPE, General Passenger Agent.  
August 24, 1881.

## ACRIME AND A MYSTERY.

### THE RUIN AND AWFUL DEATH OF PRETTY JENNIE CRAMER.

*A Dark Deed in the Land of Steady  
Habits.*

For the last fortnight the Northern  
papers have been publishing, bit by bit,  
the developments of a sad and shocking  
mystery which has caused intense inter-  
est and excitement in New Haven,  
Conn., the scene of the tragedy.

Jennie E. Cramer was the daughter of  
Jacob Cramer, a German cigar-maker  
at New Haven. She was remarkably  
beautiful, both in figure and face. She  
had dark brown hair and eyes. Her  
complexion was so fair and fine that  
some of her acquaintances charged her  
with eating arsenic to produce it. She  
was, perhaps, the best-known girl seen  
in New Haven streets, and she had  
universally the reputation of being the  
prettiest. Her education had been  
good and her conversation was vivacious.  
She allowed herself and her parents  
allowed her considerable latitude in her  
behavior, but it was not more than is  
exercised by thousands of girls living  
in New England towns whose conduct  
does not come under reproach. She had  
many companions, male and female,  
and with them she went on excursions  
and walked in the streets in the evening.

Apparently none of her acquaintances  
were among the Yale students, but she  
was familiar by sight to all of these,  
and it was common for them to toast  
her exceptional beauty. "Every Yale  
man," said a New Haven citizen, "was  
dead in love with her but I don't believe  
she has ever exchanged a word with one  
of them." By all accounts she was gay  
and not vicious. She was a belle and a  
favorite among her companions, male  
and female.

James and Walter Malley were among  
her acquaintances. The two are first  
cousins, and resemble each other closely  
enough to be twins. Walter Malley is  
the son of the most prosperous retail  
goods dealer in New Haven, and  
James is employed in his uncle's estab-  
lishment. Malley senior has accumu-  
lated money and lives well. He has  
carriages and horses, which the young  
men use as they please. The boys are  
of 22 or 23 years of age. They are short  
and slender, with dark hair and eyes,  
and each wears a small black moustache.  
They dress similarly, and in the regard  
of physical manliness look hardly more  
than school boys.

About five weeks ago a good-looking  
young woman, calling herself Blanche  
Douglass, who afterwards was ascertained  
to be a prostitute, came on a visit to  
New Haven from New York at the  
solicitation of James and Walter Malley.  
She was by them introduced to Jennie  
Cramer, and a fatal intimacy sprang up  
between the two young women. Blanche  
Douglass, during the ensuing fortnight,  
made several other visits to New Haven,  
and she and Miss Cramer went frequently  
on excursions and rides in the neigh-  
borhood, their escorts being James and  
Walter Malley. On the night of Wednes-  
day, the 3d of August, Miss Cramer was  
induced by Blanche Douglass to accom-  
pany herself and the Malleys to their  
house, the elder Malley being  
absent in Saratoga. The quartette,  
after eating and drinking till after mid-  
night, remained in the house till the  
following morning. On Thursday Miss  
Cramer and her mother had a violent  
quarrel on account of the absence of the  
young man during the night previous, and  
Miss Cramer finally left her home with  
Blanche Douglass, expressing the fear  
that her mother would tell her father  
about what she had done, and that he  
would kill her. The subsequent move-  
ments of the unfortunate girl on Thurs-  
day afternoon and night and on the fol-  
lowing day (Friday) are matter of  
doubt and dispute. There is every  
reason to believe that she was in the  
company of the Malleys and the Doug-  
lass woman, though the Malleys stoutly  
deny any knowledge of her doings or  
whereabouts.

At daybreak on Saturday morning,  
Asa Curtis, a grizzled old fisherman at  
Savin Rock, six miles below New Ha-  
ven on the Sound shore, discovered the  
body of a woman lying in one of the  
numerous channels with which the beach  
is seamed. The tide was coming in,  
and the body lay face downward in  
about a foot of water. Curtis, greatly  
shocked, dragged it up a foot on the dry  
sand, and ran with his information to  
the nearest restaurant. A knot of men  
speedily surrounded the body. The  
second corner recognized it as that of  
Jennie Cramer. It was dressed in a  
white muslin skirt and overskirt, and  
white figured lace waist. The drag-  
ged skirts were twisted closely about  
the girl's figure. Her shoes, mits, jew-  
elry and purse were intact and a white  
straw hat, prettily trimmed, was pinned  
to her hair and rested in a natural  
position, and but little crumpled, on  
the back part of her head. The body  
plainly had been but a short time in the  
water, and looked very natural. It  
was taken to the West Haven Morgue,  
near by. The face was discolored. A  
bruise on the forehead looked as though  
it might have been made by the sand.  
Her left ear and her lip were slightly  
cut, and her mouth bore a pale stain of  
blood.

An inquest was begun, and the im-  
mediate suggestion that people received  
was that the girl fell or jumped from  
Kelsey's pier, and had drifted to the  
beach where it was found. But this  
was disproved by the prevailing wind  
and tide, and moreover by the fact that  
the body had evidently not been in the  
water long and the clothing not been  
subjected to the rough action of the  
waves. The Douglas woman at first  
testified that she knew nothing whatever  
of Jennie Cramer's movements after she  
left her home on Thursday. Walter  
and James Malley were also on the  
stand. Their stories did not differ ma-  
terially from that of Blanche Douglass,  
who they frequently visited after the  
discovery of the body. Both assert  
that they had not seen Jennie since  
Thursday morning. Jennie says that  
on Friday night he was at the Bradford  
Point with Blanche Douglass, miles  
away from the spot where the body was  
found. James said that he was at  
home that night, where he was seen by  
the members of his family. After her  
first testimony Blanche Douglass fled to

## THE MONSTER MARVIN.

### THE MANY OF MANY ALIASES AND AS MANY WIVES.

*An Interesting Sketch of the Many  
Mistakes of One of the Most Con-  
summate Scoundrels on Record.*

Thomas Marvin, who last month by  
false representations betrayed Miss  
Lucy Turpin, a highly-connected young  
lady of Richmond, into marriage, and  
then deserted her at Albion, N. Y., and  
who also obtained about \$800 from the  
First National Bank of Richmond by  
means of a forged draft on a Chicago  
bank, was recently arrested at Lynn,  
Mass. The New York World gives the  
following sketch of Marvin and his mis-  
deeds:

Thomas Marvin, whose real name is  
Arthur Merritt, a bigamist, forger  
and swindler, stands pre-eminent. So  
far as has been discovered he has mar-  
ried no less than ten women, and has  
deserted each in turn. A history of his  
crimes is as interesting as a romance.  
In May last he advertised in the Hart-  
ford *Star* for a governess, his  
alias on the occasion being Thomas A.  
Marvin. He had a daughter 8 years old  
who was then living with him, and  
a woman who is said to be his lawful wife.  
Mrs. Turpin, a young lady of a good  
Virginia family, who resides in Rich-  
mond, answered the advertisement, send-  
ing a list of Richmond references.  
In reply Merritt, alias Marvin, wrote  
that he liked her letter, and subsequent-  
ly he referred her to Judge Cowan of  
Germantown, Pa.; William A. Taylor,  
of Camden, N. J.; and Rev. John Dan-  
forth, of Media, Pa. It has since been  
discovered that these persons were all  
myths, but their alleged places of resi-  
dence were near enough to enable Mer-  
ritt to get the letters addressed to them,  
in a single day, and answered each as  
he saw fit. By the next mail Miss Tur-  
pin received letters from all the "refere-  
nces," in which Marvin was spoken of  
as an elderly man of wealth, intelli-  
gence and rare virtue.

The letter in response to the one  
written to Mr. Taylor purported to be  
from Mrs. Taylor (Mr. Taylor being  
absent) and told Miss Turpin that Mr.  
Marvin was a good-natured old widower  
who was looking for a wife rather than  
for a governess. If Mr. Marvin pro-  
posed after meeting her, the letter ad-  
vised, she could not do better than to  
accept him, as he was kind, loving and  
wealthy. It is unnecessary to say that  
this letter was written from the clever  
pen of Merritt himself. Having thus  
paved the way, Merritt journeyed to  
Richmond and introduced himself.  
While negotiations were in progress  
Merritt declared his love, and Miss Tur-  
pin accepted his offer of marriage. They  
were married on July 20, and  
Merritt, who was introduced by Mr. A.  
M. Brownell, the bride's brother-in-law,  
negotiated a draft for \$705. It was  
drawn on a bank in Madison, Wis., and  
made payable to T. A. Marvin.

Not content with this haul Merritt  
borrowed \$200 from the clergyman who  
performed the marriage ceremony. Mer-  
ritt, having thus arranged his finances,  
started on his wedding tour, reaching  
Washington on the evening of his wed-  
ding day. He took his wife to the  
Metropolitan Hotel. Early in the morn-  
ing Merritt appeared in Lakewood  
under the name of A. T. Marvin. He  
laid siege to the heart of Mrs. Nellie  
deHart, of that village, and on July 11  
they were married by her father, Rev.  
G. A. Hovey. He prevailed upon Mr.  
Hovey before the marriage to introduce  
him to a bank where he tried unsuccess-  
fully to get a draft of \$5,000 cashed.  
Not in the least disheartened by this  
failure he borrowed \$100 from his in-  
tended father-in-law, and the wedding  
went on. On this, as on the occasion  
with Miss Turpin, he took his bride to  
Washington, but at which hotel he  
quartered her has not been made known.  
From July 11 to July 20 they were  
happy, although the bridegroom had  
frequent occasion to leave his bride.

He told her on July 18 or 19 that he  
had to go to Fredericksburg, but went  
instead to Richmond, where his court-  
ship to Miss Turpin was in progress.  
Having married this young lady and  
taken her to the Metropolitan Hotel,  
Washington, he left her to visit his  
bride of July 11. He told the latter  
to get ready to go to Philadelphia by  
the next train, which she did. Cleverly  
managing to miss the train he return-  
ed to Miss Turpin, and in her company  
started by the next train for Philadel-  
phia. Before the train left the depot he  
telegraphed to bride No. 1, instructing  
her to go to the Windsor Hotel, Jersey  
City, and await his arrival. With bride  
No. 2 he went to Philadelphia and thence  
to New York, and finally visited Roches-  
ter and Albion. Leaving Miss Turpin  
at the latter place, he went to Albany,  
and there, seven days after the marriage,  
under the name of General A. B. Mor-  
ton, he succeeded in cashing another  
draft. In order to get rid of Miss Tur-  
pin, easily he caused the insertion in a  
Rochester paper, which she was sure to  
see, of a bogus telegram from Richmond  
announcing that her mother had been  
severely injured by a carriage accident.  
He telegraphed to her also, telling her  
to go back to Richmond by way of  
Harrisburg, where he would meet her.  
She obeyed him, and has never seen  
him since.

He went to Canada, perpetrated two  
or three forgeries for small amounts,  
prepared his plans for another marriage  
and then drifted to Lynn, Mass. Mean-  
while the brother-in-law of Miss Turpin  
and the Pinkerton detectives were on  
his trail. They lost the scent at Roch-  
ester, and were at a loss for some time,  
but on Wednesday Mr. Brownell, the  
wronged girl's brother-in-law, recog-  
nized him at the Sagamore House in  
Lynn, and had him arrested. His  
name in Lynn was Benjamin F. Adams.  
On Thursday Detective Pinkerton re-  
ceived a dispatch from Chief of Police  
John Poe—a relative of Edgar Allan  
Poe—informing him that a requisition  
had been issued by the Governor of  
Virginia for Merritt, alias Marvin, alias  
Morton, alias Adams, and asking him  
to go to Boston to procure the necessary  
warrant. Mr. Pinkerton started on  
Thursday night, and began his journey  
to Richmond with his prisoner yester-  
day. Merritt is described as a person  
of fascinating manners. He is over

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

### Journalism in Deadwood.

"I'm an editor myself," said he, as  
he plucked his feet on the Eagle editor's  
desk and lit that functionary's pipe. "I  
throw ink on the Up-Gulch Snorter at  
Deadwood, and you bet I make some  
reading matter for the boys. Take  
the Snorter on exchange here?"  
"I think not," replied the editor.  
"Don't know that I ever heard of it."  
"You ain't been long in the ink busi-  
ness, have you?" asked the stranger,  
quickly. "You don't seem to be up in  
the literature of the day. The Snorter  
throws more influence to the square  
foot than all the papers in Deadwood.  
Let me show you the style of that peri-  
odical," and he drew a file of back  
numbers out of his pocket. "See them  
advertisements? All cash. Meeting of  
County Board; fist fight in the Common  
Council; mine caved in on nineteen  
men; four men lynched; Mayor of  
town convicted of burglary; raid by In-  
dians—all live news items. See the  
editorial? This is what I say about  
the Rapid City Enterprise: 'The dis-  
tinguished consideration in which we  
hold the three-ply jackass who edits  
our noxious contemporary is only equal-  
led by the rapidity with which the tun-  
ble-bags will roll him out of town in  
the spring.' Spicy, eh? You bet!  
There's some poetry. Write it myself.  
Made it up out of my head. How's  
this?"

"The opposition have nominated  
That lousy drunken, dissipated,  
Cock-eyed horse-thief, Jim Mcadden;  
Our candidate is Fatty Madden!"  
"And we elected him, too, for old  
stock! We go in for poetry out our  
way, from way back."  
"We don't do it in just that way  
here," said the Eagle editor, with a  
smile. "Our folks—"  
"That's where you're off. You haven't  
educated your folks up to high taste.  
Where I live we're cultured clear to the  
root. Here's my remarks about the  
editor of the Vermillion Repeater, when  
he wanted to split the territory: 'We  
don't want to reflect on the press, but  
we are compelled to say that the editor  
of the Repeater has stolen Government  
mules so long for a living that he be-  
gins to flatter himself that he too is an  
ass!' That busted his business."  
Now here's a little criticism on our  
opera-house that was regarded very  
high: "Manager Whitney is giving a  
high toned performance than our citi-  
zens have a right to expect for two bit-  
tles. He has engaged the beautiful Gan-  
betta for two weeks and her standing  
shows careful thoughts and study, and  
her toe whirrs are unprecedented in the  
history of the ballet. Mr. Whitney  
has stored up the east end of his mis-  
troupe with the justly celebrated  
Patsy Maginnis, the bones of modern  
cars. We are sorry to chronicle a row  
at his temple of Thespian virtue last  
night, and we recommend Manager  
Whitney, if Shaug Johnson comes  
monkeying around there again, to crack  
his nut with a bottle." And he did it,  
too. It shows the power of the press."

"I suppose your paper is confined to  
local matters. You don't do much in  
the way of general literature," said the  
Eagle, by way of keeping up the con-  
versation.

"There's where you're on your back  
again. It comes high, but our people  
will have it. See this story from Har-  
per's? He's boiled down to half a column,  
but it gives all the facts. Then here's a  
poem by my daughter. She's a wonder-  
ful singer when she's fed up to it. Boiled  
beef sets her going, and a bottle of beer  
fetches the balance. How does this  
strike you? This is her. It's called  
'Ode To Night.'"

The Evening for her bath of dew  
Is partially undressed.  
The sun behind a botanical fish  
Is setting in the west.  
The planets light the heavens with  
The flash of their cigars.  
The sky has put its night-shirt on,  
And buttoned it with stars.  
I love this timid, shrinking Night,  
Its shadow and its dew;  
I love the constellations bright,  
So old and yet so new;  
I love night better than the day,  
For people looking on,  
Can't see me skinning road to meet  
My own, my darling John.

"You don't get any better truck than  
that in the East. You see, our people  
have got to have the first crop or bust.  
It gives a paper up, too, this poetry,  
and it's fit for the printers. Here's a  
little thing I dashed right off on the  
Yankton *Indicator* for claiming that it  
swindled the government on a hay con-  
tract."

"A delirious Yankton reporter  
Has been pitching into the Snorter.  
We find he's the man  
Who adopted the plan  
To kill his wife rather than support her."  
He ain't been long since, Well,  
pard, I must get out on the trail. If  
you're ever out Deadwood way drop  
me down the chimney and see me. You  
might as well see me on your exchange  
list, and if you ever pick up an item you  
can't use, drop me a line and I'll pay  
you a little something. So long—  
*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**A Week's Rations.**  
Tuesday the cars brought in another  
week's rations for the farmers of this  
county, consisting of 25,000 pounds of  
bacon, 400 bushels of meal, 1,000  
bushels of corn, and a mixed load of  
bush, tobacco and light groceries.  
Still some farmers complain that noth-  
ing is done for them. In our opinion  
everything is done that could reasonably  
be expected. The merchants certainly  
are doing their share in keeping them  
from starvation. If the ridiculous men  
who had an Agricultural meeting in  
Greenville last week had taken some  
measures to raise breadstuffs at home,  
they might have done some good—  
*Abbeville Medium.*

This is certainly a bad year for the  
man who advertised rewards for comets.  
Three of these celestial vagrants are  
within telescopic range at the moment,  
and returns of more can be sent in for  
the next five months. As they cost  
\$200 each the fellow that offers the  
rewards must quake with fear when he  
contemplates the boundless possibilities  
of these five months. Bring on your  
comets, we can stand them if he can.

"Do you dance the quadrille?" "No,  
but I have a brother Bill, from Brazil,  
who dances the quadrille—on the win-  
dow-sill." "Then do you dance the  
lances?" "No, but my sister Frances  
dances the lances and all the fancy  
dances." "Do you glide?" "No, but—  
we—will let that slide."

The following verdict was given by a  
coroner's jury in Canada: "We are of  
a Pinion that the Deceit met his death  
from Violent Infurimation in the Arm,  
product from Uban Cauz." The "in-  
furimation" contained in the verdict is  
about as "violent" as that which attack-  
ed the arm of the "deceit."

An Illinois man was arrested and  
fined \$25 for disturbing a debating  
club. We should like to know him.  
The man who has got the voice and en-  
ergy to disturb a debating club, pro-  
vided the latter is healthy and active in  
its diabolical mission, is worthy our ac-  
quaintance, and ought to be given a  
government position as a for-her-on a  
rock-bound coast.

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but I have a brother Bill, from Brazil,  
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ed the arm of the "deceit."

## NEWS ITEMS.

The Georgia Legislature has passed  
an Act prohibiting the preaching of  
Norman doctrines within the limits of  
the State.

The traveling expenses of the one  
hundred thousand drummers employed  
by the merchants of the United States  
are \$120,000,000 a year, exclusive of  
salaries.

An American woman in Augusta  
has married a Chinaman. As he does  
all the washing and cooking, the Au-  
gusta woman has done better than most  
girls.

It has been decided to sell the Great  
Eastern steamship by public auction  
early in October, unless she is previous-  
ly disposed of at a private sale.

Senator Butler has sent to the Agri-  
cultural Department seventy-five quarts  
of Winter seed wheat for free distribu-  
tion in this State. The seed comes  
from the Agricultural Department at  
Washington.

Details of a fight with Indians in  
New Mexico show that more troops are  
needed in that part of the country, and  
that colored soldiers are plucky enough  
to fight three times their numbers in  
redskins.

In one of his verses, Oscar Wilde,  
the aesthetic poet, alludes to "the barren  
memory of unloved kisses." An un-  
loved kiss probably is the barometer  
which tells within the range of human experi-  
ence.

Mr. Geo. H. Cornelison of Orange-  
burg pays out over \$50,000 a year in  
wages to his employees. These are the  
kind of men who build up a town and  
State.

There is but one war ship in our  
navy, the Trenton, that can steam more  
than twelve knots an hour. We have  
not one iron-clad that can make ten  
knots even in smooth water, for six  
hours consecutively. We have not one  
gun affoot that could penetrate ten  
inches of armor, even at the closest  
quarter.

The thief who stole the pennies from  
a dead man's eyes has been emulated at  
Helena, Arkansas, where Joseph Taylor  
is just beginning to serve a penal  
term "for stealing the shoes from off  
the feet of a culprit hanged at Mariana,  
before the body was cut down by the  
sheriff."

Hartman, the Russian Nihilist, has  
come to the United States, he says, to  
stir up sympathy for his cause. There  
is more sympathy here for his cause  
than for him. Infidels make poor re-  
formers.

The Greenville News has been vigor-  
ously opposing Prohibition. It is vigor-  
ously warring on the whiskey bolters or  
Independents in the recent municipal  
election, and now it says the bar men  
are denouncing the dry party and  
the News, but that the latter can stand  
it.

Mr. Edward Richardson, the wealth-  
iest cotton planter of New Orleans, is  
credited as possessing \$8,000,000; E.  
J. Gay, a planter and owner of a sugar  
refinery, ranks next, with from \$3,-  
000,000 to \$4,000,000.

The *Palmetto Yeoman* says: "What-  
ever may be said of bar keepers and  
whiskey selling, Columbia can boast of  
several gentlemen in that line of busi-  
ness who are practical prohibitionists.  
They touch but taste not, and are mod-  
els of sobriety. Yet, notwithstanding  
this fact, they don't much like to see an  
aroused prohibitionist. Perhaps it is  
because he never smiles."

The Tooker mine, in York County,  
was sold on the 12th instant to "The  
Broad River Gold Mining Company,  
of New York." Operations on an ex-  
tensive scale will be commenced im-  
mediately. Mr. Tooker writes that  
there is quite a boom in mines on Broad  
River, and says South Carolina is des-  
tined to be the Mecca of gold seekers in  
the near future. He expects to go to  
the Atlanta Exposition with a collec-  
tion of York County minerals.

A young gentleman of Florence last  
week wagged that he could eat two and  
one half pounds of rice at one sitting.  
The rice was weighed and then cooked  
perfectly dry. When it was done, the  
gentleman commenced his task, and eat  
the rice without butter or seasoning of  
any kind, using water to wash it down.  
Sure enough inside of an hour, the  
last grain had disappeared, and he even  
went far as to call for "more." Strange  
no ill effects resulted from this mon-  
strous meal, if anybody can beat  
this, let us hear from them.—*Florence  
Times.*

Lady Burdett Coutts is said to have  
made an amiable settlement with her  
relatives concerning her fortune. "Since  
her marriage," says Olive Logan, "she  
has lived in more costly fashion than  
ever before. The dinners she has given  
in her Piccadilly residence have formed  
a marked feature of brilliancy this  
season, and they have been attended by  
persons of very high standing in the  
social world, though British royalty has  
held aloof. The slight is all the more  
marked as in former times there was no  
subject in all the kingdom whom the  
Queen loved more to honor than Burdett  
Coutts. As for Mr. Bartlett, every one  
agrees that he is the soul of chivalry,  
devotion to his kind wife, and she  
seems delighted with her handsome  
American husband."

## THE MONSTER MARVIN.

### THE MANY OF MANY ALIASES AND AS MANY WIVES.